

## AN OPEN LETTER

To the President of the United States.

## THE CASE OF DOCTOR COCK

And That of Another Ex-Soldier, Both From the President's Own District, with Whom He Has Broken Faith—Dr. Cock Passes the Civil Service Examination Four Different Times.

Doctor G. B. Cock is from President McKinley's own town of Canton. He went out in the beginning of the late unpleasantness as a private soldier and came home commander of the regiment with the rank of major. While in the service he contracted a disease of the spine, which incapacitates him from practicing his profession as a physician. He receives \$24 per month pension for a disease which calls for full disability pension. This trouble, however, is that the medical referee of the Pension Bureau has not made a study of, or is ignorant of pathology. Other physicians, who are experts in this branch of the science of medicine, and who have examined Doctor Cock, certify that he has a total disability case. Notwithstanding this, however, the Doctor is able to sit at a desk and do clerical work, or fill a chair as watchman. His health is perfect, and in every way but the physical exertion of walking or moving around briskly he is qualified to fill either a clerical or a watchman's position. He is a Republican, and from Mr. McKinley's own Congressional district. He is a life-long acquaintance of the President. He has spent money, made speeches (and he is noted as G. B. P. orator) in every school district in the "Major's" district, helping to elect him to Congress time and again. The Doctor has met some reverses of fortune due to his affliction, and has endeavored to make both ends meet with his pension and employment. He could obtain. He is, it is unnecessary to state, a highly educated gentleman, as has been testified by the Civil Service Commissioners, who passed him four different times, the last examination, May 7th, a few months ago, the Doctor passed at the head of the list of applicants. He was the only ex-soldier candidate, and the position was given to the third man on the list.

Appeals to the President, to Secretary Cortelyou, and to the Civil Service Commission, have resulted in nothing. The Doctor is still hobnobbing around the streets of Washington. He is a man of fine physique, of courteous bearing, and impressive appearance, in fact a splendid type of the American professional gentleman. Except for the disease noted, he is in any city, could command a handsome income by the practice of medicine.

Mr. McKinley knows better than any reader of The Globe that these statements are the truth. Mr. McKinley also knows that he has heartlessly turned down this life-long friend and gallant soldier, and that outside the usual oily smile and brotherly handshake and brotherly greeting he has done nothing for this man who spent his money and his time to elect him to Congress from the Canton district.

As stated, Dr. Cock is a Republican, an ex-soldier, with a four-year record of promotion from the ranks to command of the regiment. He is qualified by education and breeding to fill any position from Cabinet officer down, and he has been refused even a job as watchman! Four times he has taken the civil service examination for clerical positions, been certified up and seen others lower down the lists of applicants given the positions. He has appealed, without results so far, to this violation of the law giving ex-soldiers the preference, and from McKinley to Foraker, and from Foraker to heads and tails of Department officials he can get neither satisfaction nor explanation.

Dr. Cock is becoming dimly conscious of the hypocrisy of the Administration and the Republican leaders in office, including "got-too-rich" Foraker, and he is contemplating taking the stump this fall for Ohio and explaining to the soldier vote of that State how McKinley, the haughty Foraker (who told him that he didn't know him well enough) and the balance of the old soldier lovers taken care of the ex-Union soldiers, especially the McKinley faction.

Passing Dr. Cock for the present as a striking example of the deceit and hypocrisy of an Administration which recognized Private Dalzell after The Globe had stirred the animals up in Ohio, we present, Dr. President, the following open letter to your excellency, written by another distinguished ex-soldier with whom you are as well acquainted as you are with Dr. Cock, and who also lives in your town of Canton.

Your excellency will recall an agreement you made with him last year. He fulfilled his part but, as usual, your excellency has forgotten to fulfill yours.

Here is his letter:

## OPEN LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT.

"MY DEAR SIR: This P. M. some reflections were aroused in my mind by seeing a gentleman, a patriotic old soldier, coming out of the Census office walking on a crutch. He is a disabled veteran of the Civil War, who is entitled to honor and high regard. He is receiving a salary for his services as a clerk of \$2,500 per annum. Besides this he receives a pension of \$100 per month. Notwithstanding the facts that he lost a leg in the war, and recently had his right arm broken by an accident, he is not disabled so seriously or to an equal degree with myself. My disabilities are total in degree, and all were incurred in my army life. But mine are disabilities of brain and spinal cord and can not be seen. I am turned down on a mere pittance of \$24 per month, and can get no opportunity to earn a salary, but am turned out to starve because the petty tyranny of a boss who was prejudiced against me without cause.

I have made repeated efforts to see you personally in order to explain in a friendly way, but am not granted the privilege of a personal interview. There are many places which I could fill very acceptably if permitted to do so. I might have been transferred to other work, as others were, but, no, the boss would not have it so, and I was peremptorily dismissed without reason. Now, I ask you in all conscience, and in all reason, is this right? If the Census would soldier is entitled to the opportunity of earning a fine salary, so am I. My services as a soldier, and my career in the

army, were just as honorable as his. I doubt not that I endured more of hardship and danger than he did, or than you did, Mr. President.

"My character for honor and uprightness as a man and a citizen has been and is to-day just as high as his or yours. Now, as a citizen, and an honorable soldier, I have a right to restoration on the roll of employes, a transfer to some position which I can fill.

"I have a further right to a rehearing of my claim for increase of pension, which is denied me, as it seems to me, simply and solely because I have no political pull. I am an intelligent man in most things as your Commissioner of Pensions, and in some things more so. In some things I am your equal; in intelligence and in a few things more than your equal. But of this I do not boast. I kept and fulfilled my agreement with you but you have not with me.

"I feel that I have a right to demand equal rights and fair play.

"Very respectfully,

"Washington, August 17, 1901."

Paul Destine, like Dr. Cock, is a Republican ex-soldier with a splendid record. He also is an educated gentleman, who was filling a clerical position when he incurred the enmity of one of those small creatures the Departments are honeycombed with. The ex-soldier and officer who commanded a regiment would not bow the pregnant hinges of the knee to the effeminate chief, and he was discharged for being a MAN! Mr. McKinley knows all about it. He also knows by this time that The Globe knows all about it, and that the excellent that the Ohio soldiers will know all about it when the campaign opens in that State. The mask of hypocrisy will be torn into shreds by the pen now warning you, Mr. President, to do justice to the semi-starving ex-soldiers tramping the streets of Washington, who can neither find employment in the Departments nor have their just claims allowed because of your instructions to your tool, H. Clay Evans, Commissioner of Pensions.

Carolina Brights are Union made.

## VALUABLE DOGS.

Dr. Fulton's Blood Hounds and What He Said About Them to The Globe.

Doctor Fulton, of Beatrice, Neb., now in the city, is the owner of what is probably the most valuable pack of bloodhounds in the world. There are 20 in all, and they are of the bluest of canine blood. They are trained hunters, not only of birds or deer, but of human game, their specialty being thieves, murderers, and other criminals. Included in the pack of four-footed sleuths are dogs which have won world-wide reputation and have assisted in tracing fugitive malefactors of two continents. The pack is in charge of Mr. O. P. Fulton, son of the Doctor, and Trainers Sheriff Johnson and George Maxwell.

"No two bloodhounds have the same traits or respect to the same traits," said Doctor Fulton to The Globe. "They are nervous, capricious, and variable to a high degree. Unless you understand your dog in advance you may be doing something that it will take you a long time to overcome and undo. All bloodhounds are endowed with a wonderfully retentive memory, and under proper treatment are docile and entirely amenable. My dogs have captured many criminals, and in the course of the chase we have had many strange adventures.

"Recently a mule was stolen from the stable of a farmer at Louisville. The dogs were sent for and put on the scent. They followed the trail across a small stream and to the barn of a somewhat notorious character of the neighborhood. The dogs went in all directions and trailed three times to the barn, where they whined, rushed round, and appeared to have lost the trail. Several pieces of old sack and rags were found in the barn, which led to the suspicion that the mule had been wrapped up. The dogs smelt these, the chase was renewed, the mule was discovered, and the thief arrested.

"The dogs were used in the capture of a notorious gang of hold-ups, known as the 'Reds,' at Lincoln, Neb. These men had taken into a store, robbed the safe, and carried away a lot of other valuables. The bloodhounds were taken into the store, given the scent from articles which the burglars had handled, and then taken back in a short time they picked up the trail, which ran in a roundabout way to the Fedaw's house. The officers gained admittance, and the dogs followed the trail up two flights of stairs into a vacant room, which evidently had been occupied recently, and then back into the street. They followed the trail to a saloon, whose keeper informed the officers that the Fedaw's had been there but a short time before. The dogs then ran the trail from the saloon to Northeast Lincoln, and found him just as they were about to board an out-going freight train."

Say, you, smoke Carolina Brights.

Low Wages Paid Certain Employees.

Washington, D. C., Aug. 1, 1901. EDITOR SUNDAY GLOBE:

In your issue of this date, in the column entitled "Gloves," is the article "High Wages Are a Stimulant to Labor." If it is the case what are low wages? And very low wages at that, to be paid by this great and glorious country of ours when several of our great Departments, viz: Zoological, Park, Smithsonian Institution and National Museum all have building mechanics at work at the present day for from \$1 to \$1.50 per day less than the regular rate paid by outside contractors and other Departments. One special case is the case of the men at the National Museum for \$2 per day, who, for similar work outside, would earn \$3.50 per day. There is over a score of other mechanics of all kinds working at these places under the same conditions. Why does this place pay their mechanics the same as all other Government Departments? The necessary funds are appropriated annually by Congress to do the building and repairs required, and it is not thought that Congress intends that this work shall be done by paying mechanics low wages and increasing that of officials in some instances as much as \$500 per annum.

Now, Mr. Editor, is this a stimulant to labor, or official favoritism—which? While on this subject, there are several known cases where two or more members of the same family are holding down soft seats in the Government service, one being that of a lady clerk in one of these branches, while the husband is in the Census Office.

A CITIZEN.

## FIGHTING RECORDS

Of the Rival Candidates for Governor of Ohio.

## KILBOURN AND NASH SOLDIERS

Official Records of the Two—The Hero of Sixteen Battles and Three Brevets as Against a Ninety-Day Soldier and a Big Bounty—Whom Will the Soldier Vote of Ohio Select—the Soldier or the Coffee Cooler?

Curious to ascertain the war records of Governor Geo. C. Nash, the Republican candidate for re-election in Ohio, and that of his Democratic rival, Col. James Kilbourne, we copied from the official records the past week the subjoined histories.

Of course, our Washington readers will accept this as a piece of news merely, but our Ohio patrons will attach a deeper significance to the matter. The Republican party has kept itself in power by the two great shibboleths of—

"Love for the Union Soldier,"

"Enfranchisement of the Negro."

How much the Union soldier is loved by the present Republican Administration the columns of The Globe, with names, dates, persons, etc., have fully shown up. But we, nevertheless, accept as a standard truth that the great mass of Republican voters prefer a Union soldier with a record when there are honors to be conferred. Anchoring our faith in this belief, we first reproduce the soldier record of Col. James Kilbourne, the Democratic candidate for governor of Ohio. Here it is, from the official records on file in the War Department:

"Col. James Kilbourne; enrolled July 19, 1862; was appointed 2nd Lieutenant Dec. 5, 1862; was appointed Captain Dec. 31, 1862; was mustered out with Company H, 95th O. V. L., August 14, 1865; appointed Brev. Major U. S. Vol. to date July 28, 1865; appointed Brev. Lt. Col. March 31, 1866; to date July 28, 1865; appointed Brev. Colonel April 5, 1866, to date July 28, 1865, for faithful and meritorious service during the war.

"Engagements: The Enemy—Richmond, Ky., Aug. 30, '62; Jackson, Miss., May 14, 1863; Vicksburg, Miss., May 14, 1863; Vicksburg, Miss., assault, May 19 and 20, 1863; Big Black River, Miss., July 6, 1863; Brandon, Miss., July 19, 1863; Hickman Creek, Miss., Feb. 10, 1864; Gunter, Miss., June 10, 1864; Harrisburg, Miss., July 13, 1864; Tupelo, Miss., July 14, 1864; Old Town Creek, Miss., July 15, 1864; Little Harpeth, Tenn., Dec. 16, 1864; Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 16, 1864; Pursuit of Hood, Dec. 17, 1864; Jan. 1, 1865; Spanish Fort, Ala., March 28, 1865, to April 9, 1865."

"For meritorious and gallant service in front of the enemy, Col. James Kilbourne received three brevets. He participated in 16 battles, sieges and assaults, and as became a man, a soldier, and a gentleman, saw the thing through and fought to the end, being mustered out, it will be observed, August 14, 1865, or four months after the memorable surrender at Appomattox, where the chivalrous Lee surrendered his untarnished sword to the victorious Grant. Having—

"Fought for the land his soul adored, For happy homes and altars free,"

the Confederate chieftain, bowing to superior force and equal valor, gave up the unequal struggle, and the vexed question which separated the sections was forever settled by the highest tribunal of man—the arbitrament of the sword.

Where was the Republican candidate for Ohio during all these four years of bloody war? Was he at Vicksburg when Kilbourne led his company in the assault? Did he participate in the one or the other of the battles of Nashville or did he, single-handed and alone, pursue the fleeing Hood?

Not much, the slow fire of patriotism did not burn in the breast of the Republican candidate for governor of Ohio until all the great battles of the war had been fought out by men of the Kilbourne stamp. In the last call for "90-day" soldiers, the Republican candidate for governor of Ohio took the highest bounty he could get, and enlisting with a knowledge that the war was over, and with the hope that he would never see a live "rebel" or hear their dreadful battle "yell," he shouldered his gun and went into camp guarding disarmed "Johnnies."

Such is the record of the "loyal Union soldier" whom Mark Hanna, Foraker and Grosvenor will ask the people of Ohio to honor in preference to a man whose soldier record is so small, and whose record as a politician is so large. Nor has the Democratic candidate begged, played for, nor engineered the procurement of letters from commanding generals curing any deficiency in his record or boosting him as a valiant soldier a la Foraker et al.

Colonel Kilbourne is as modest as he is brave, and, like a true soldier and Democrat, lets the official record speak for itself.

How many brave and heroic soldiers have we not seen manifested during the war by letters of generals, when the said soldiers were candidates on the Republican ticket for office? Look at the absurd and ridiculous figure these letters and manufactured stuff made our President cut before the real soldiers who know what fighting is. They made Commissary McKinley feed the men in line of battle and issue rations! There never was and never will be such a situation in war! No commissary wagon in modern warfare has ever been within three miles of the fighting line except by an accident, and then certainly not for the distribution of rations. Hence Commissary McKinley, three to ten miles in rear of the fighting line, issued no rations unless, indeed, he put a few handkerchiefs in his pocket, and leaving his wagon and neglecting his duty, tramped the intervening distance to feed a single soldier!

So it is with the other manufactured records of certain heroic Republican chiefs, whom we have seen strut their brief hour as candidates for governor of Ohio and disgusted the real soldiers with "after the war" letters from renowned generals who knew them not on the field of battle, but learned to dread their political pulls in civil life—and hence these letters.

But here is our Ohio Democratic standard-bearer out in the open, appealing to neither general nor politician to amend or add fictitious trimmings to his war record. What say the old soldiers of Ohio to the question? Will you vote for the hero of

three brevets and 16 battles, or for the home guard bounty-taker of 90 days' service, guarding disarmed "rebels"? And let about the loyal Republican masses? They love the valiant Union soldier, and their patriotism is cornered in rewarding all such. Here is an opportunity to cross the line. But, whatever the stay-at-home, loyal and patriotic Republican voter may do in the inconsistency of political principles, The Globe looks with confidence to the old soldier voter of Ohio to vote for the man who bore the heat and burden of the battle that his country might live and be the mightiest nation of the earth.

## THE BREAD TRUST.

What Next Will Combined Capital Seek to Corner?

## SCHEME OF CORNERING BREAD

A New and Marvelous Machine Which Does Away with Hand Kneading and Increases the Weight Eighty-Five Pounds in Two Hundred with Water—Better Bread Claimed. What the Washington Bakers Say.

What promises to be a bread trust of large proportions has had its being by the incorporation in Trenton, N. J., of the National Bread Company. The capital stock of the corporation, fixed at \$3,000,000, it is stated, has been fully paid in. The immediate ambition of the company, if reports from a source seemingly authentic are accurate, is to control the bread output of New York City, Jersey City and Newark. Eventually the corporation expects, through a beginning in Chicago and St. Louis, to acquire a similar control of the bread industry in all of the more important cities of the United States, including Washington, of course. If this be true, the company is aiming at control in its line similar to that of the other great corporations regulating other products. Several of the bakers of New York already have been secured, and a division of stock bags by the new company, and it is said that in the resulting fight for control the other bakers will be forced into the new concern or suffer from the usual methods of cornering.

The certificate of incorporation for the company shows that ex-Judge Augustus Van Wyck acted as attorney for the new company. The incorporators, who, it is believed, are acting in that capacity for prominent financial interests, are: Joseph H. Strange, of Orange, N. J.; Paul F. Londer and John Joseph Rosh, of Jersey City.

Those supposedly having direct connection with the company were distinguished to give much information about its objects. A person known to be in the city, who was connected with the scheme, when seen, refused to divulge who was back of the company or to name any of its probable directors. He admitted, however, that the following facts, divulged by another who is acquainted with the deal, are substantially correct.

The National Bread Company, according to this informant, was organized for a double purpose, first, to consolidate all the large baking firms under a parent company, which should divide territory among its members and so do away with inter-city competition in all districts, and, secondly, to exploit a patent bread-making machine which, it is stated, kneads bread without any handling and at the same time increases the baked loaf 50 per cent in weight over the present one with a given quantity of flour.

The scheme of consolidation will be for the various baking companies to give the National Company a portion of their stock, said to be large, in return for which they will gain the use of the patented product, which, it is asserted, does away with about 50 per cent of the labor, and will also be given an exclusive territory for the sale of their variety of bread by which they will save the cost of competition in their districts, both in handling and selling.

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## HIS IRISH WIFE

And a Daughter of the Revolution Have a Seance

## WHICH A POST REPORTER

Will Write Up for the Globe When He Has Time—The Funny Experience of a Well-Known Newspaper Man Who Rented a Furnished House for the Summer, and Who Was Locked Out of His Dining-Room by the Land Lady.

"I'll give you a good story," said a well-known newspaper man, until recently on the editorial staff of the Post and at present the correspondent of a leading Philadelphia newspaper.

"Thanks; about when you're ready."

"Oh, I will write it up myself for you, as I am acquainted with the literature of the case. In fact, to be honest with you, it concerns myself, wife and landlady, or rather landlady. It is rich, or rather unique, and I think will make a good story for The Globe."

"When will you furnish it?"

"By Thursday, sure. You see, it is this way. I answered an advertisement and had an interview with the lady, Mrs. Harper. She had a furnished house, and wanted to rent it furnished for the summer as she was going away. The lady and I agreed upon terms, and my wife and I moved in. Of course, I knew nothing of the eccentricities of my landlady, but I found them out, as the sequel will show.

Mrs. Harper is away up in society from her point of view. She is a daughter of the Revolution, and to judge by her assumptions nobody has any right to live in this country without the permission of one of the lodges of this order. Those of us who are not sons nor daughters of the Revolution have no right to live in this country without the permission of one of the lodges of this order. Those of us who are not sons nor daughters of the Revolution have no right to live in this country without the permission of one of the lodges of this order.

"One night a few days following the cow-puncher's confession, made so lightly and listened to so seriously, Annie Kildeer asked the young man to take her riding as usual. He hesitated without any apparent reason, and she, for an instant suspecting that he had looked his last upon the faces of his cowboy friends and that the goal of the journey would be death in a dreadful form.

"They started about dusk, the girl seated behind the horseman, as is the custom in Oklahoma. With all of an Indian's cunning and the instinct of a fiend she persuaded him to take a much longer ride than ever before. Everything favored her plan. The evening was calm and delightful. The moon rose, enveloping them in its soft, silvery light. The girl seemed never in such gay spirits. She used every art known in her untutored but intuitive nature to keep Andale interested, for she was determined to succeed where reservation made the success of her plan more certain.

"They were crossing a creek when, to the cowboy's amazement, his hands were suddenly and neatly plinked by lassos in the grasp of the girl behind him. Andale struggled for freedom, but was powerless. In a moment he was securely bound by a rope which the girl had concealed beneath her clothing. They rode on for several hundred yards, the man trying to fathom the meaning of this strange conduct on the part of his captor, the girl keeping mysterious silence. Reaching a bare spot in the open prairie, she compelled him at the point of a pistol to dismount. Then came a desperate struggle between the disabled cowboy and the savage, whose whose purpose in luring him away from his home was now only too plain to her victim. It was not long before he was flung to the ground and tied there, face upward, to stakes that had been driven into the earth by his tormentor on a previous visit there alone.

"You thought I was a fool," she said. "When I asked you if you were going to marry me, you laughed. Well, you can laugh loud enough out here—your white sweetheart will not hear you, your cowboy friends can not hear you. Laugh all you want."

"What are you going to do?" asked Andale.

"I am going to kill you," coolly replied the half-bred girl.

"Again the black eyes flashed like lightning, and Andale saw those danger signals at last, alas, too late.

"Andale was tied to the ground with his hands and feet, and a drop of water would have been a cruel captor allow him. Hunger possessed him, yet no morsel of food was given him. The girl sat upon the grass beside him and taunted him. It was a strange, strange vigil, that, to trust upon the territory's lonely prairie. Andale cried aloud for food, for drink, for mercy. All were denied him. The girl meanwhile subsisted upon food that she had concealed in the vicinity, and water from the creek whose rippling came to Andale's ears and maddened him to a frenzy. Annie spoke only to deride him. He cursed her and strove vainly to break his bonds. He grew weak and weaker. The hot summer sun beat upon his unprotected face. On the fourth day he sank into a stupor and never regained consciousness.

"Satisfied that Andale was dead, the girl returned to Darlington and boasted of her crime. She was at once arrested by Deputy Marshal Speed and put into jail there.

"As soon as the details of the affair became known, a crowd of Andale's cowboy friends came into Darlington and tried to break down the jail. A force of marshals was called upon by Renz, and Annie Kildeer was removed to the jail at that place, where she awaits trial in September."

Schley imbroglia. This was a week ago last Tuesday and "we haven't seen him yet." There is no doubt but that his story will be a good one when we get it, as he is one of the most brilliant writers in the press. Unlike his account of the little talk The Globe had with him, and which is put away in an obscure corner of the paper, the Kerryman's artistic article will decorate our first page, first column, and in all probability will be illustrated with cuts.

WHEN HE SENDS IT IN.

## TRAGIC DEATH

Of the White Lover of an Indian Maiden.

Here is the story of a tragedy which The Globe has received from Oklahoma, where Van Der Vanter, Richards & Co. distinguished themselves in a recent land lottery. If some Indian maiden really a strange husband, which nobody at the time would shed many tears. Here is the story:

"Flirting with an Indian girl is a dangerous pastime, if one may judge from results in Oklahoma. Because he thoughtlessly and carelessly uttered the affections of a half-breed maiden near Darlington a cowboy named Willis Andale has met a fate most terrible.

"Young Andale was tortured to death by an Indian girl who fancied that she had been jilted by him. 'I am going to marry a girl of my own race,' he said to his companion one day when he was out on a horseback ride with her and the Indian girl had broached the subject of marriage with herself as the bride. Andale was jesting when he made the statement, but he sealed his fate with the laughing and uttered words. 'You will not marry me?' questioned his companion, with a gleam in her black eyes that might have warned the young man had he seen it; but he was not watching just then for danger signals of any kind. 'Why, of course not,' was the laughing rejoinder. 'The law doesn't allow a man to have two wives, you know.' Again the Indian girl's eyes flashed like heat lightning, but Andale did not know that a storm was gathering about him, and that every word he uttered was as a nail driven into his coffin. It was not true that he intended to marry a white girl. He thought that to say so was the easiest way to rid himself of the Indian girl's attentions, he merely meant to show her the uselessness of hoping or expecting that he would ever become her husband.

"Andale was a cowboy working on the 'Big X' ranch in the Kiowa and Comanche Indian reservation. He and the other cowboys were in the habit of going to the camps of Indian families and taking the girls of the tribes out riding on their ponies. Time out of working hours hangs heavily on the hands of men who have so little diversion as these cowboys of the reservation; but, according to the testimony of Andale, the dwellers, none of them had any intention of inspiring an infatuation in a tepee dweller's breast. They did not realize that one of their number was playing with fire, nor did he himself realize it.

"Annie Kildeer is the name of the girl who seduced her savage affections upon Andale.

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"I am going to kill you," coolly replied the half-bred girl.

"Again the black eyes flashed like lightning, and Andale saw those danger signals at last, alas, too late.

"Andale was tied to the ground with his hands and feet, and a drop of water would have been a cruel captor allow him. Hunger possessed him, yet no morsel of food was given him. The girl sat upon the grass beside him and taunted him. It was a strange, strange vigil, that, to trust upon the territory's lonely prairie. Andale cried aloud for food, for drink, for mercy. All were denied him. The girl meanwhile subsisted upon food that she had concealed in the vicinity, and water from the creek whose rippling came to Andale's ears and maddened him to a frenzy. Annie spoke only to deride him. He cursed her and strove vainly to break his bonds. He grew weak and weaker. The hot summer sun beat upon his unprotected face. On the fourth day he sank into a stupor and never regained consciousness.

"Satisfied that Andale was dead, the girl returned to Darlington and boasted of her crime. She was at once arrested by Deputy Marshal Speed and put into jail there.

"As soon as the details of the affair became known, a crowd of Andale's cowboy friends came into Darlington and tried to break down the jail. A force of marshals was called upon by Renz, and Annie Kildeer was removed to the jail at that place, where she awaits trial in September."

## A FEW INTERVIEWS

In Which an Esteemed Lady Speaks Her Mind.

## PREFERS THE GLOBE TO BREAD

Her Experience in Trying to Get in the Departments—The Usual Sacrifice Demanded Where the Applicant Has No Political Pull—A Case of Nerve as Related by a Boston Drummer.

"I was sitting on the veranda of a far Western hotel one afternoon," said the Boston drummer, at the National last night to a Globe man, "and was lazily smoking one of the nicest meerschaum pipes you ever saw, when out of the tail of my eye I saw that a native down at the other end of the veranda had his gun sighted at me. They were a wild lot around there, and I could not tell whether he meant to shoot me or the pipe, however, and it seemed a good chance to test my nerve. I made up my mind to let him shoot and pretend a careless air, but I'm telling you that in the 10 or 15 seconds of waiting the sweat came out at every pore and my heart pounded my ribs sore. I felt a sort of tick at the bowl of the pipe, heard the crack of the gun, and knew that the bullet had passed through the pipe. I got a brace with my hands and